

A N
E L E G Y

O N

The much Lamented Death

O F

Harry Gambol,

Whody'd of a PLEURES Y, *Aug. 31.*

HOW Vain, Delusive, and how Transitory
Are all the Shining Scenes of Pomp and
Glory?

This *Gambol* found, the Darling late of Fame,
Who now, alas! is nothing but a Name.

His Death (curst *Harmo*) to thy Quacking Art
He owes, by practising thy *Bully's* Part,
And Cruciating his Implicit Brain
With Loads, beyond their Texture to sustain.
While He pursu'd a *Game* as foreign to
His Intellects, as *Honesty* to You.
Thus your *Ferments* his *sanguine State* endur'd,
When bleeding in the *Jug'lar Vein* had cur'd.

Poor *Hal*, how smoothly flow'd thy Hours
before
With all thy Wish, a Bottle and a Wh——
And ne'er (in spite of Nature) sought to rise
By Politics, or aim'd at being Wise;
'Till that damn'd Quack, beyond your Stars
unkind,
Vaunting to cure your Claps, has Poxt your
Mind.

Farewell; and may you find such Joys below,
As all your Friends above deserve to know.

E P I T A P H

Here lies an odd *Reverse*, a *Riddle* rather,
Both a *Buffoon*, and *Senator* together:
In Councils *Grave* the *merriest* *Grig* on Earth,
But always *Grave* amidst the *Brightest* *Mirth*.
Wanting in *All*, yet *All things* in Pretence;
Juggler in *Faith*, and *Schismatic* in Sense:
By Treachery, Trick, and Disguises *Great*;
On *Peerage* a *Lampoon*, and *Burlesque* on the S—